THE GOSSIP OF PARIS.

CASIMIR-PERIER MAKES A MISTAKE.

WHY SOME OF THE PARISIANS CRITICIZE HIM—THE FOOLISH DUKE OF ORLEANS—A PRINCE OF AMERICAN BLOOD.

Paris, September 29.

M. Casimir-Perier missed his chance at the grand review at Chateaudun when he permitted tradition and precedent to override his own inclinations and common-sense and appeared before the troops at noonday arrayed in evening dress, driving in a phenomenally high and odd-looking landau, or barouche. This may have been all very well for President Thiers, as well as for M. Grévy and M. Sadi Carnot, not one of whom was able to ride. The equestrian misadventures of little M. Thiers in particular formed a stock theme for the caricaturists. But Mr. Perier is a magnificent horseman, is always superbly mounted, and looks his best in the saddle. Had he fulfilled his original intention of following the example of the English Viceroys of Ireland and India, in reviewing the troops arrayed in silk high hat and well-fitting frock coat, with the star of the Legion of Honor glittering on the left breast thereof, and mounted on a spirited charger, he would have carried everything before him, all the more as he came before the troops not only as the Chief Magistrate, but as a very distinguished and gallant veteran of the war of 1870. There is no doubt that in that case his appearance would have aroused enthusiasm, not only with the soldiers, but also with the civilians, who always have an infinite respect and esteem for a man on horseback, more so perhaps in France than in any other country of Europe, since elsewhere good riders are the rule, whereas here they are the exception, and therefore command a greater degree of attention and admiration. It is just this awkwardness in the saddle, judiciously, and I may add caustically, exploited in the Republican press, that robs Prince Victor Napoleon of any element of danger that he might otherwise present as a Pretender. Not only has he a preposterous seat in the saddle, but he is always falling either with or off his horse. On the last occasion on which he came a cropper he did it in such a clumsy manner that he upset also the friend who was riding with him, who broke his leg. More than half of Boulanger's ephemeral popularity and power was due to the striking and dashing appearance presented by him on his famous coal-black charger. But how is it possible to work up any enthusiasm about a man who appears on the review ground in a ridiculous-looking carriage, garbed in full evening dress, and covered, naturally, from head to foot with white dust? The spectacle which he presented was not impressive, and under the circumstances it is perhaps natural that he should not have been greeted with a single cheer, his reception being characterized by extreme frigidity on the part of the troops and of the civilian element. This is all the more to be regretted since it is impossible to deny that the popularity of the new President is by no means what it was when he first took up his residence at the Elysée. At that time everybody was loud in praise over the pluck and spirit which he displayed at the funeral of his lamented predecessor, and stories of his genial bonhommie, of his absence of all stiffness and formality and of his ready wit were upon every lip. All this is at an end. The same persons who vaunted his courage now charge him with cowardice—a ridiculous charge, considering his antecedents—and base their allegations on the extraordinary precautions which he permits the Government to adopt to preserve him from personal harm. It is stated that there were no less than 500 policemen in plain clothes on the field at Chateaudun, his carriage was surrounded by a cavalry escort of unusual size and riding in such serried order as literally to form a living barrier around the Presidential carriage; nor were the inhabitants of the streets through which the cortege passed permitted to lease their windows for a view of the procession, until a Commissioner of Police from Paris had carefully investigated the identity of the lessees. Indeed, had President Casimir-Perier been the Czar and Chateaudun situated in the wilds of Russia, no more extraordinary precautions could have been adopted for his safety. Then, too, the President is charged with being capricious and overbearing. At times he is as lively, as unaffected and as genial as ever, but then passes without the slightest warning into moods of arrogance and overweening sense of his own importance, presenting therein a not altogether pleasing contrast with the invariably gentle, modest, unassuming and withal thoroughly dignified manner of his predecessor. Possibly something may yet occur to enable President Casimir-Perier to retrieve his waning popularity. And it is to be hoped that some such occasion may present itself, since he is too fine a man at the bottom to fail in the arduous task which he has now before him.

Another Frenchman who is really a splendid horseman and presents a fine figure in the saddle is the young Duke of Orleans, whose début as a Pretender is not altogether unattended by mortification and even humiliation. Thus, on the Duke sending a member of his household to Brussels for the purpose of leasing a mansion there, so as to be within easy reach of Paris both by telephone and by rail, the King caused it to be intimated to his young cousin, not only privately but also publicly in the semi-official Belgian press, that he did not desire his permanent presence in his capital. He explained that he was very fond of the Duke as a near relative, but that he did not desire Brussels to be used as the headquarters of any Royalist conspiracy against the Republican Government in France, and that, therefore, if the Duke came to Brussels he would prefer that he should limit his stay to a fortnight, or three weeks at most. Then, too, with one exception, the sovereigns to whom the Duke sent telegraphic notifications of the death of his father, signing the messages "Philippe"—that is, as if he were already King—all addressed their replies and their messages of condolence to the Comtesse de Paris, or to Queen Marie Amelie of Portugal, totally ignoring the Duke. Strangely enough, the only exception to this rule was young Emperor William, who addressed his dispatch straight to the Duke. It is perhaps this that leads the intimate friends of the new Pretender to go about declaring that their master has a warm admiration for the Emperor of Germany, in whose character he finds many analogies to his own. It is asserted, I know not with what truth, that the Duke is no longer such a favorite with his mother as he used to be; that her preferences are for her younger son, and that she has closed her pursestrings to the Duke, whose resources are consequently of a far more limited character than were those of his father.

Talking of Pretenders serves to recall the fact that the newest recruit in this particular line of business, the ex-General Don Francis of Bourbon, soi disant Duke of Anjou, was formerly an intimate friend and associate of that extraordinary adventurer the Baron de Mayrena, who died as King of the Sedangs, who people an island in the Malay Archipelago. M. de Mayrena, whose title of Baron was perfectly authentic, was a person of the character of Daudet's "Tartarin de Tarascon," and his adventures in France, as well as in the Orient, were as extraordinary as they were laughable. The trouble was that he took his dignity of ruler of his tribe of natives very much au serieux here, appointed gentlemen and ladies in waiting, chamberlains, cupbearers, etc., conferred titles and decorations, and even went so far as to purchase a royal crown, which, I believe, still remains in possession of the boniface at Ostend, whose bill for the beard and lodging of His Majesty and suite he was unable to collect. Before this misfortune overtook the Sedang King, however, he had spent some weeks at Madrid, where he was piloted about by his friend, Don Francis of Bourbon, who even obtained for him access to the royal palace. It was only when the police brought to light the fact that the Sedang King was endeavoring to raise the wind in a manner not altogether in strict accordance with notions of delicacy and law that he was requested by the authorities to transfer his operations to some other country, while Don Francis of Bourbon received orders to travel abroad for a time.

Princess Yousoupoff, who has just arrived here with her husband and children, and is staying at the Hotel du Rhin, on the Place Vendome, is a lady around whose name there hovers many a romantic story, especially with the late Prince Alexander of Battenberg, who, after having reigned over the principality of Bulgaria, died as an Austrian General at Plaz, under the name of Count Hartenau. The Princess, who is probably the most enormously wealthy woman in her own right in the Russian Empire, and possessed of inexhaustible mines of turquoises and rubies, was at one time affianced to Prince Alexander, and would have become his wife had it not been for the opposition of the present Czar, who sternly vetoed the match and insisted on her marrying instead a young aide-de-camp of his brother, the Grand Duke Sergius, Count Felix Soumarokoff by name. When the old Prince Yousoupoff, father of Prince Alexander's ex-fiancée, died, leaving no other relative save this one daughter, the Czar bestowed upon her husband, the young officer, the title of Prince Yousoupoff, to prevent the name from becoming extinct. It is asserted that Princess Zenaide Yousoupoff, who is quite as beautiful as was her mother, did not permit her marriage to obliterate the memory of her handsome lover, and it is said that the sister of mercy who tended him with so much devotion during his serious illness five years prior to his death was no other than Princess Zenaide in disguise. This is by no means the only romantic episode of this family, which is well-known in France. The mother of Princess Zenaide died here a few years ago leaving her magnificent château and estate near Quimper, in Brittany, stocked from cellar to garret with priceless treasures of art and archaeology to the Department du Finisterre, as a token of affectionate regard for what she described as her second fatherland. Her husband, from whom she had long been separated, was renowned alike for his wealth—which is believed to exceed that of the Demidoffs—and for his avarice. Innumerable anecdotes are related of his meanness. He was perpetually grumbling about the hardness of the times, and was so anxious to save every kopek that whenever he gave one of his rare dinners—entertainments which were forced upon him much against his will—he always made a point of hastening to blow out the candles and to turn out the gas as the last guest was leaving his salon. For a while he filled an office at court; but so shabby and sordid was his dress and so disreputable his appearance that means had to be found for dispensing with his services. The present Prince Yousoupoff has, I believe, American blood in his veins, his paternal grandfather having been a citizen of the United States who entered the service of the Czar early in the present century, rising rapidly in the good graces of the Emperor Nicholas. His name was Elton. Marrying at St. Petersburg, he had a son named Felix, who, like his father, became an aide-de-camp of the Czar, and in marrying the Countess Helen, the last surviving member of the grand old house of Soumarokoff, received in 1856 permission from the late Emperor to assume the name and title of his wife. It is his son, who, like himself, marrying the last surviving member of a noble family, has received permission from the present Czar to transform himself from a Count Soumarokoff to a Prince Yousoupoff.

THE IDEA TOO SIMPLE FOR A GREAT MIND

A business man who is keen in financial affairs made an engagement while spending his vacation to meet a man at another country place fifteen or twenty miles away. There was only one train a day, and he missed that one by only a few seconds. It was an important engagement, but that would have made no difference to the business man, for he prides himself on keeping his engagements.

When he found that he had missed his train he set to work to get a special engine. This involved a good deal of telegraphing, and the cost he learned would be $60. He determined to keep that engagement, however, whatever the expense, and finally, after the delay of all the telegraphing and waiting for the engine to run up to his station, he got aboard and was taken on his way. He reached the other man three hours after he had missed the train, but he was feeling rather triumphant over his victory, and he proceeded to explain what he had done.

"You see, I was bound to get here," he added, "and here I am."

"That's so," answered the other, "but look here, why didn't you get a team and drive over here? It's a lovely drive. It would have cost you about $4 instead of $60, and as for time, you could have arrived here earlier."

"Great Scott!" said the Napoleon of travelling, "I never thought of that."

TWO POINTS FOR CIGAR SMOKERS.

From The Washington Post.

"There are two things which all cigar smokers might observe with profit to themselves," said T. C. Brownlow. Mr. Brownlow travels for a large cigar manufactory, and knows a thing or two about the ethics of smoking. "Before lighting a cigar, bite off the end, and, placing the end to be lighted between your lips, blow through it. In this way you get rid of a fine dust that accumulates in a cigar when it is dry, which is apt to inflame your vocal chords and injure your voice. It is a valuable hint for singers, and I know of quite a number of professional opera singers who never light a cigar until they have blown out the dust. To the failure to do this may be attributed in great part the throat diseases with which steady smokers are afflicted.

"Another valuable suggestion from an economic standpoint is to thrust your cigar into your vest pocket with the pointed end up. Many vest pockets are so shallow as to cause the end of a cigar to stick out over the edge. The constant rubbing of the coat against the large end, which is very much more sensitive than the other, causes it to fray and break, necessitating the wetting of the wrapper in order to make the cigar available at all. Any one who will act on these two hints will live longer and save money."

BEQUEATHED HIS PENSION.

From The Cincinnati Enquirer.

Said B. C. Raies, a special pension agent, "I had a peculiar case in Washington County, Tenn. A man named Adams drew a pension for total disability, and I was instructed to call and see if the disability was still total. When I reached the house a young man came to the door. I asked:

"'Is this where John Adams lives?'

"'It's whar he did live, stranger.'

"'Where does he live now?'

"'He don't live. He's been dead for goin' on five y'ar. I'm his son.'

"Then I explained my mission, and he said:

"'Oh, that's all right. Walk right in and take a cheer. Pap could write an' he made a will; the pension war the only thing he had to leave, but it's cum in mighty handy.'

"He produced the will, and, sure enough, the pension had been devised to him. I didn't have the heart to tell him that it was not valid, but he receives no more pension."

THE PASSING OF THE BOOT.

From The Shoe and Leather Reporter.

The diminished use of boots is a matter of concern to the manufacturers of them, and to the producers of heavy leather and heavy calf skins. Twenty years ago the calf boot industry was a leading one in New-England. Whole towns were studded with factories which produced calf boots exclusively. For a decade the sale has been gradually falling off, and to-day it is of hardly any importance. A few manufacturers of shoes include boots as a specialty, but the demand is too light to amount to much. When calf boots were more in vogue manufacturers consulted the partialities of the cowboys, to whom price was a secondary consideration. The legs were frequently corded with silk stitching. The star and crescent and other fanciful ornamentations were inlaid on the legs of the boots; there were high heels and the boots were striking specimens of mechanical art. The soles were inlaid with copper, zinc and brass nails. The cowboys no longer pay $15 or $20 for a pair of boots. They want substance instead of show. But they were not the only wearers of calf boots. They were extensively worn. Many men prefer them to-day, though the number is growing less. The old-fashioned stoga boots were formerly sold in large quantities; they are well-nigh obsolete. There followed a demand for a lighter and more stylish article. A kip boot of finer texture was produced, about equal in appearance to the best calf boot, but this, too, has fallen somewhat into disuse, and the sales this season are scarcely over one-half the usual amount. Where there were twenty factories producing boots exclusively there is now not one. Even the farmers are using heavy shoes instead of boots, and if it becomes a necessity to wear long-legged boots, they buy rubber.

THE WRONG LEAD.

From The Indianapolis Journal.

"If you please, mum," began Mr. Dismal Dawson, "I wish you would gimme something to eat. That there woman next door gimme a handout, but on the dead, the stuff wasn't fit"——

"See here," was the answer he got, "that woman next door is my mother, and if you aren't out of here in less than two minutes I'll set the dog on you. Now, you git."

Mr. Dawson got.

MR. LO AS A FINANCIER.

THE INHABITANTS OF THE SOUTH BROOKLYN VILLAGE ARE SHREWD TRADERS.

THEY INVEST A LARGE PART OF THEIR EARNINGS IN GOODS WHICH MAY BE PROFITABLY DISPOSED OF ON THE RESERVATION—CEREMONIES ATTENDING THE "PAYING OFF."

The old notion that the North American Indians are the lineal descendants of the ten lost tribes of Israel has an earnest supporter in Press Agent Small, of the "Wild West Show." He thinks he finds confirmation for it in the racial instinct of the red men for making bargains and getting the best end of them. "Every Indian," he says, "is a born trader. He hates work, but he loves to speculate, and the paleface who gets ahead of him must be an early riser. Out of the first wages he gets from the show he is certain to buy a strong trunk with a good lock. Thenceforward every surplus dollar he has is invested in goods for which he

HIGH BEAR AND NO NECK AT THE TREASURER'S DESK.

knows he can get bargains when he returns to his people at the end of the season—blankets, shawls and various other things of practical utility, which he can get at prices sure to give him a large margin of profit. He leaves the reservation with a blanket for baggage, and returns with a Saratoga trunk packed full."

"Buffalo Bill" confirms this statement. He says that when the Indians he had in Europe two years ago saw the shawls in Scotland, thick, soft and all wool, which they could buy at $3 or $4 each, they were stirred out of all their stolidity and literally "went broke" on them. But he credits the red men with rather more generosity of disposition than Small does, for he believes a good share, at least, of their shawl purchases were intended for presents to relatives and friends at home. He cannot, however, affirm that they were insensible to the consideration that a shawl worth $3 in Scotland could be traded readily in South Dakota for a pony worth $20 or $25.

It has been the uniform practice in the "Wild West Show" to pay off the Indians on the first of every month, excepting the last month of the season, which the contract with the Department of the Interior required should be paid on the reservation upon their discharge. This year the final pay up to the time of arrival at home—their wages running until then—will amount to about a month and a half, and the Indians were exceedingly anxious to get all they could while in the East, where the purchasing power of their money would be much greater than on the reservation. Colonel W. F. Cody was perfectly willing to accommodate them, but not without specific authorization from the Government for such modification of the contract, and at their earnest solicitation telegraphed to the Department a full explanation of the situation and their wishes, himself remaining perfectly neutral and leaving to the authorities the decision of the question. To the great gratification of the red men the Department was good enough to recognize the practicability of their views of the situation, and telegraphed back authorization for payment here of the larger part of the wages due them. The reply came on the evening of October 1, and Jule Keen, the treasurer of the show, made the payments on the following morning.

In no slipshod and indifferent fashion did the red men present themselves at the treasurer's tent. They rose worthily to the dignity of the occasion. Their brightest blankets, most handsomely beaded leggings and moccasins and tallest feather head-dresses were donned, and there was no niggardliness in the use of the vivid paints that constitute full dress for ceremonial occasions. The young buck whose unique fancy it is to surprise the paleface audiences by his original costume of pea-green paint and a breech clout seemed to have found a more brilliant green than usual, and looked much like a giant frog. The fat sub-chief whose steady preference for a blazing vermilion countenance makes him noteworthy at every performance had laid on his chosen tint with such liberality that his red blanket seemed faded by contrast with his face.

A little to one side of the tent were a group of Indian squaws, squatted on the ground. The necessity for maintaining a supernatural assumption of dignity has not impressed itself on the squaw mind. They laughed, chattered, whispered—looking roguishly at the men—and seemed to be arranging a programme or planning a campaign, which, as subsequent proceedings demonstrated, was just what they were doing.

One by one the chiefs, and then the warriors and young bucks, and last of all the squaws, entered the treasurer's office and received their pay. No Neck, the head chief, was the first, his rank giving him precedence. He gets $75 a month. Some of the others get $50, some $25 and the rest $15, according to their rank and value, each having an independent contract with the show. Each as he received his money affixed his mark to the payroll.

While this was going on the squaws commenced operations. They sang incessantly the queer lullaby sort of song which is heard from them at each performance, as they slowly ride around the great arena. It was that same air, seemingly, which they sang during the paying off, but its measure was perhaps a little livelier. Now and then one of the men, coming out from the treasurer's tent with his money in his hands, would stop before the group and give one or two bank notes to one or another of the singing squaws, who would laugh, chatter and keep right on with the singing.

Mrs. Whittaker, matron of the camp and mistress of the wardrobe, explained the game. "They make up the words they sing as they go along, rhyming them very well, too, the interpreter says, and the peculiar melody—if you can call it a melody—adapts itself with all the elasticity required to any measure. The improvisation may fall in. And the words are laudations of the warriors going in to get their money—how handsome they are, how strong, how skilful in the chase, and how brave and cunning in war; what brave deeds they have done and what wealth in ponies, robes—and scalps, perhaps—they possess. When the man comes out he rewards their song of praise with money. Sometimes he gives $3, or $4, or $5, and I have known as high as $10 to be given by a chief who was liberal and flush. It is just a survival among them of the minstrels and troubadours, who used to sing the glories of kings and knights, and get gold chains or other portable personal property of value for so doing. Or, possibly, we may consider it a sort of crude equivalent to getting a good personal notice in a newspaper, and paying for the supposed standing it gives among the community in which the newspaper circulates. No, they don't 'pool their issues,' or lump the sums received and divide them equally. Each holds on to what she gets, and as the men take care to give to them in turn, they come out about even. I have known them to get $20 or $25 each on a payday. What they receive they expend very sensibly and judiciously in buying articles of practical use to them, or save carefully."

One of the interpreters says that this troubadour act is, when they are at home, generally practised only by the older squaws, the young ones refraining—doubtless from a natural diffidence about receiving presents that would be given more for their good looks than their accomplishment in laudatory minstrelsy; but here there are so few of them, and all worthy wives, that they join together in the performance to keep each other in countenance. And they not only get out of it good profit, but a great deal of fun, and the men are glad to hear them, for it is one of their home customs.

The first duty of each Indian when he gets his pay is the self-imposed one of going about the camp, paying every one to whom he owes a cent. Not infrequently he may have done so much toward filling the big trunk, or sending money home that he has, during the latter part of the month, to find credit with the tobacco dealer or some other small local trader, or, perhaps, has borrowed a little to pay for cigars or other small expenses. But when the sun goes down on payday he owes not a cent to anybody, unless, perchance, a creditor has managed to escape him. Then he apportions from the sum remaining in his hands so much as he thinks he can and should send, in the form of a postal order, to relatives on the reservation. Parents, wife and children are never forgotten. Each season the Indians with Buffalo Bill's "Wild West Show" send back home from $5,000 to $7,000, and to accommodate them a postal money order office has been established at the Pine Ridge Agency, which is the gathering point for most of them.

With what Lo has left he proceeds to add to the accumulation in the big trunk, making his purchases shrewdly, only after careful determination that he is getting the full worth of his money. It is not impossible that the vices of civilization may have some temptation for the younger "bucks," but they are capable of self-restraint, are sensitive about maintaining the respect of the older and more prudent braves and the chiefs, who keep a sharp eye on their behavior and have a pride in conserving the good reputation of the show of which they are integrals. Hence it is that few shillings paid out to these Indians, during all the time they are exposed to the influences of civilization, are expended in ways that would not meet even Dr. Parkhurst's and Neal Dow's approval.

It may be said by some disposed to underestimate the Indian character that these must be picked and exceptional Indians, but such is not the fact, at least in the way they would imply. They are picked, but the picking is done not by Colonel Cody and his aids, but by the Indian agent, and the system he selects them on is to send such as are most turbulent and likely to give trouble on the reservation, through their ignorance of the relative numerical strength of the red men and the palefaces. He says: "When an Indian has been with the Wild West Show one season, and seen what are to him the wonders of civilization and the overwhelming myriads of white men, he comes back a good Indian, a missionary of peace thenceforth among his people. Any fool ideas he may have had of there being enough Indians to wipe out the palefaces are completely reformed." That is why so many of the Brule Sioux are with the show this season. The Brules are a tough lot, brave, independent, self-confident and ready to fight as to eat. But they have too much sense for fighting when there is an absolute certainty of being whipped, and nobody who wanted Indians could want better ones than the Brule Sioux who have had the education of experience in this show for one season. And Colonel Cody takes care that this education shall be liberal in all that is good for them to know. He has parties of them, accompanied by intelligent interpreters, taken to see all the important material achievements of civilization within reach: the elevated railroads, the Erie drydock, great buildings, steamships, theatres, waterworks, bridges, parks, and hundreds of other things. The red man may look stolidly and impassively at everything, but his brain is actively at work all the time, and the questions he asks of the interpreter demonstrate that the interest he takes is intelligent.

The Indian is, however, a consistent materialist. Anything he can touch or see and clearly understand impresses him and goes down on the tablet of his memory as a fact. But where science transcends those limitations he withholds his confidence—and he is not always wrong. The Weather Bureau, for instance, he scorns. Last week, when that tropical cyclone was said to be whirling up in this direction, upon Mr. Dunn's positive assurances that the storm was due here on Thursday night and would be a big one, an order was issued in the Wild West Show that all tents and tepees should be double fastened and made secure against the coming blow.

HIGH BEAR'S TEPEE.

The troopers and cowboys, Arabs and guachos, everybody in fact but the Indians, worked with a will, but the red men did nothing but stand around with a you-make-me-tired expression in their countenances. When the man in charge of the work urged them to secure their tepees, White Deer, a chief of the Ogallalla Sioux, calmly replied: "No. There will be no storm." The white man replied that there certainly would, for Mr. Dunn, of the Weather Bureau, had said so, and he knew, for he was just old science itself when it came to weather. White Deer cocked one eye up at the sky and his speculative instinct made a laconic break in the words, "Me got money." The white man responded: "I'll bet you $20 we have a storm before 10 o'clock to-night." White Deer promptly covered the money, and liberally said: "Ten o'clock to-night too short; make it 10 o'clock to-morrow morning, or 10 o'clock to-morrow night if you like. There will be a little rain on Sunday, but none before." White Deer won the money, for there was no storm, but on Sunday a good, smart shower fell at the camp, though it was hardly noticeable in the city. "The red man," said White Deer, "lives under the sky, looks up to it all the time, and knows it as he knows the face of his mother. But what can the white man see of it, looking through a roof?"

Now that the season of the Wild West Show is over on Saturday, a few figures are worth putting on record as practical proofs of the seriously earnest character of the performances in its arena. Spectators accustomed to the make-believe perils of the ordinary circus are occasionally heard saying that the rough-riding, broncho-breaking and other vigorous exercises practised here are of that essentially safe sort, but the fact is that never since the days of the gladiatorial shows of Rome have there been, in civilized countries, any public performances which have involved so much serious personal risk to the performers. Dr. John C. Hartt, the physician and surgeon in constant attendance at the camp, reports as occurring in the arena during the season no less than eighty severe accidents, including eight fractures, three dislocations, forty-four serious contusions, nine sprained ankles, two sprained wrists, thirteen lacerations and one concussion of the brain. Of minor accidents, such as would lay up most men not toughened by exposure and inured to hurts, no account is made. A mishap here has to be really a bad one to be even noticed. Of deaths, there has been only one, from cardiac paralysis. The superstitious may find interest in the fact that twenty-eight of these eighty noted accidents occurred on Fridays, twenty on Saturdays, nine on Mondays, eight each on Wednesdays and Tuesdays and only seven on Thursdays.

Immediately upon the close of the show Manager Major John M. Burke will set out in charge of the Indians for the Pine Ridge Agency. An extra baggage-train will be required to carry their trunks. Until they arrive at their destination all their expenses will be borne by Colonel Cody and his partner, Nate Salsbury, and their pay will go right on, just the same as if they were performing twice a day, in which matter they have an advantage over all the other performers, whose salaries stop with the closing of the arena. The soldiers from England, Germany, France and Russia, the Mexican vaqueros, Uruguayan guachos and Arabs will all start immediately for their respective countries, in charge of their officers and chiefs. The United States troopers, whose furlough does not expire until October 25, will have time to visit friends in the East and enjoy a little relaxation from discipline before rejoining their command, the 7th United States Cavalry, on the frontier.

The herd of horses employed in the show and the buffaloes will be kept in the stables on the grounds, and during the winter much work will be done preparatory for an expansion of the Wild West Show next season to dimensions far greater than ever before, with such attractions as can only be brought together by energetic work, practically all over the world, from now until the season of 1895 opens.

ICE-MAKING BY NATURAL GAS.

From The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

"It is now proposed to manufacture ice in the natural gas regions by utilizing the high pressure of the gas as it comes from the wells," said a well-known ice dealer recently. "Nature having done all the preliminary work of compressing and cooling, the gas is ready to absorb heat from its surroundings immediately upon being released from confinement, and all that will be necessary will be suitable cells or chambers into which the gas could be allowed to expand. It has been conservatively estimated that with an ordinary gas well about fifty tons of ice could be turned out daily at an expense of about 50 cents per ton. The gas, of course, would, after being thus used, retain its virtues for heating purposes, and could be used in factories and for private consumption, as at present. In a way, therefore, this plan may be regarded as a proposal for affording something for nothing, a desideratum to which many of this world are constantly looking forward."

THE TARIFF QUESTION SOLVED.

From The Washington Post.

"When James K. Polk ran for Governor of Tennessee, about the year 1839," said A. G. Selby, of that State, at the Normandie, "against the Hon. James C. Jones, the future President of the United States got a licking. His successful opponent, who was familiarly known as 'Lean Jimmie Jones,' wasn't much of an orator and didn't make any great pretentions to scholarship, but he was a man of the people, and had a habit of succeeding at the polls. During his campaign with Polk for the Governorship the latter, on the occasion of a joint discussion, made a long and exhaustive speech on the tariff, which was a credit to his ability and research, but was rather prosy, somewhat wearying the crowd. When Jones's turn came to speak he paid a compliment to Mr. Polk's address, but dismissed the tariff in short order.

"'My friends,' he said, 'this tariff question is really not the intricate matter it has been represented; in fact, it is as simple as the alphabet. Now, what would I do in regard to the tariff? Why, simply this: If the tariff is too high, I'd lower it, but if it was too low I'd hist it.' It was such an easy solution of the matter that the audience yelled tumultuously and 'Lean Jimmie' carried the day."

THE COMMERCIAL INSTINCT.

From The Chicago Record.

Teacher (in the geography class)—Tommy, what is the easiest way to get to the Pacific Coast?

Tommy—Git a pass.

STATE LIQUOR MONOPOLY.

VIEWS OF MR. GLADSTONE AND M. EMILE ALGLAVE.

IT IS NOT ALCOHOL SO MUCH AS BAD ALCOHOL WHICH RUINS MEN—SOME INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS—THREE WAYS OF DEALING WITH THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Paris, September 25.

Mr. Gladstone's letter to the Bishop of Chester, published in the London papers of last Wednesday, is drawing attention to the duties of the State in regard to the sale of liquors. It supports substantially what is known as the Gothenburg system, of selling liquors for the public profit only; it declares local option to be no more than a partial and occasional remedy for "the present miserable and almost contemptible predicament which is a disgrace to the country"; and it pours rather undeserved contempt on high license as a "mere limitation of numbers," and no remedy for the evils of the drink traffic. All this represents the strong opinion of many years, which is surprising, as it is in contradiction with the policy followed out by all the Ministries over which Mr. Gladstone has presided. Mr. Chamberlain, doubtless, would agree with his former leader and later adversary the most nearly. But even he would hardly think it practical, at the present time, to substitute municipal for private drinkshops. Another and more radical method for dealing with the drink curse was proposed in the International Congress of Hygiene at Budapest only a few days before. M. Emile Alglave is an eminent member of the Paris faculty of law, and is favorably known for his studies in the relations of the State to the protection of individual citizens. For fifteen years he has preached a consistent policy of turning over the whole production of alcohol into the hands of the State.

This would seem a startling advance in the direction of State Socialism in the English-speaking world, where the citizens are not accustomed to seeing their Government play the part of a manufacturer, much less that of a distiller of spirits. In France and in other countries of the Continent, where the State manufacture of tobacco, gunpowder and matches is a chief source of revenue, this objection loses its force. Moreover, such a monopoly on the part of the State would not imply the direct manufacture of liquors by Government functionaries. M. Alglave would no more have the President appoint liquor distillers as he now appoints postmasters than Mr. Gladstone would have the municipal saloon-keepers elected by the popular vote.

It is the financial side of the scheme which has most recommended this monopoly of alcohol to the Continental governments. It has been proposed as the only means of bridging over the Italian crisis, and no one doubts the immense increase to its revenue which would accrue to any State that might find it possible to put in practice this least odious of all the systems of indirect taxation. It has worked successfully in Switzerland for the last four years. More than a year ago it was introduced into several of the provinces of Russia, and the way has been made for it in Germany. It is also down on various political programmes in other countries. The world has, therefore, only to await statistics of the results already obtained to know whether there is here a remedy having some real power against the hitherto unconquerable evils of strong drink.

M. Alglave, who is a man of science as well as of law, lays down a first principle (without, of course, denying that the sale even of good liquor would need some sort of regulation). The true evil to be combated is alcoholism, and the veritable cause of alcoholism is not so much the quantity of alcohol absorbed, as the bad quality of the alcohol. Alcoholism differs from mere drunkenness, which of itself is only a passing affection of the human system, inasmuch as it modifies deeply and permanently whole parts of the organism. It is the direct cause of half of the crimes and more than half the cases of madness among civilized people. It is still more fatal by the diseases which it complicates or, often, to which it gives rise. On the whole, a greater mortality should be attributed to it than to any epidemic. And all this, M. Alglave maintains, comes not so much from alcohol as from bad alcohol. Several recent experiments corroborate his main arguments.

It is a well-known fact that all liquors, as at present manufactured for the trade, contain, over and above pure ethyl alcohol, what chemists call the superior alcohols. To the general reader these may be best represented by potato or fusel oil (amyl alcohol, from the fermentation of starch), by a hydrocarbon which is found in coal gas (butylic alcohol), by wood-spirit (methyl alcohol), and by various ethers and aldehydes (de-hydrogenated alcohol, as in the dangerous soporific peraldehyde, introduced into medicine from Germany some years ago. Now, all these superior alcohols have a poisonous power far higher than that of pure ethylic alcohol. The late experiments of Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz, of the Paris faculty, show that to kill an animal five times more ethylic alcohol is required than would be needed if an amyl alcohol were to be used. With this may be compared the other known fact that the spirits of commerce precisely contain a large proportion of amylic alcohol. Fusel oil in America and the German potato brandy, which is so popular on the Continent for fortifying poor wines and for adulterating all strong liquors, are not of recent introduction to the public.

In the experiments cited there was question only of the dose of alcohol which kills on the spot. In the practice even of moderate drinkers, although the dose is much less, yet the difference for evil between the alcohols increases wonderfully. Thus ethyl alcohol boils at a little over 174 degrees Fahrenheit—a temperature more than 37 degrees lower than the boiling point of water. For this reason pure alcohol evaporates through the lungs almost as soon as it enters the system; it does scarcely more than pass through the organism. It is this evaporation which gives to the breath of drunken men its characteristic odor. Amyl alcohol, on the contrary, boils only at 244 degrees (32 above water), and, as a consequence, it scarcely evaporates at all at the ordinary temperature of the human body. Thus, no matter under what form it is introduced into the organism—fusel oil, potato brandy, adulterated liquors of any kind—there the amyl alcohol remains and accumulates. The dose of to-day is added to that of yesterday and the day before, and these to previous doses. The quantity of alcohol taken each day may be small; but in the long run a considerable quantity of poisonous alcohol is accumulated in the system. It is easy to understand how amylic alcohol gives rise to alcoholism.

It is to this accumulation of alcoholic poison in various organs of the body that certain recent investigations of the Paris faculty of medicine attribute the symptoms which appear in nearly all cases of chronic alcoholism. Of these the most common is a general catarrh of the entire mucous membrane, giving rise to the well-known morning expectoration of the drunkard, and often ending in gastritis or other severe affections of the stomach. From the brain come epileptiform attacks, or partial paralysis, there is cirrhosis of the liver, kidney disease, and the rest; while the excessive strain put on the lungs often determines the fatal advance of tuberculosis.

The second series of experiments cited by M. Alglave is still going on at the Salpêtrière, under the supervision of Dr. Féré. They are numerous and complete, and all relate to the action of the different alcohols on the evolution of the eggs of the hen. Experiments on the human subject are, of course, out of the question. But the results obtained agree closely with the observations made on the children of alcoholic parents. Dr. Lombroso has just published a curious collection of these observations on alcoholism and heredity.

In some of these experiments a certain number of eggs were subjected to the action of the different alcohols. The eggs were then put to hatching. After seventy-two hours in the incubator, they were withdrawn and the state of the embryos examined and compared. Those which had been subjected to the action of pure ethylic alcohol usually showed a certain backwardness in their development, which was otherwise normal. But the embryos acted on by amylic alcohol were without exception abnormal and deformed more or less gravely. That is, if they had come to the point of hatching, all would have proved more or less monstrous, and the greater part would not have been capable of living. It seems right to conclude from this that, in the same way, human parents who are under the constant influence of impure amylic alcohol will bring forth defective, if not monstrous, children—fools or criminals, says Dr. Lombroso.

It is well to state here what M. Alglave did not need to say to a meeting of specialists. The doctrine of moral heredity, criminal or otherwise, is subject to the strongest and most reasonable doubts. It is also anything but proved that alcoholism, properly so-called, is a matter of inheritance from parent to child. A paper read last week before the Paris Academy of Medicine justly proposed that, in questions like this, the definition of alcoholism should be limited to that physical mastery of the organism which causes its victim to neglect irresistibly the claims of all duty and affection in order to satisfy the imperious thirst for strong drink. It is denied that either alcoholism, in this sense, or crime can be inherited physically. When they appear, it is because of the surroundings of the child, and not by blood inheritance. This still leaves moral responsibility intact, subject only to education and acquired habits. But all acknowledge that alcoholic patients can convey to their children physiological defects, from epilepsy in grave instances to abnormal irritability or other predispositions to impulsive, as distinct from deliberate, action—all things which fall under the common description of lack of balance. From Dr. Féré's experiments, this must be in proportion, not to the amount of alcohol actually absorbed by the parents, but to the amount of bad alcohol accumulated and steadily at work in their organism.

M. Alglave is consistent all along the line, whatever we may think of the practical quality of his propositions. According to him bad alcohol is a deadly evil to both soul and body. But the drinks which are weak in alcohol (and where the alcohol is pure) should be considered healthful, and their consumption should be favored by the State. Hence he proposes the suppression of all tax on wine, beer, cider and their fellows. They should be reckoned, with mineral waters, as hygienic drinks.

On the programme of the Budapest Congress it had been announced that, on this question of alcoholism, the duties of the State would come up for discussion. The American Dr. Billings very properly prevented the discussion of the legal limitation of the day of labor to eight hours, on the ground that this was much more a question of politics than of hygiene. This could not apply to alcoholism, which the delegates of every nation regarded as the most terrible scourge of civilized society. Yet the complications with politics and the uncertainty as to what is or is not practicable rendered impossible any thorough discussion of the matter. Instead, a general vote of approbation was given to M. Alglave's paper. This, briefly, leaves three views to be held by those who would make the State bear the burden of the war on alcoholism.

First—M. Alglave would have the State make sure that only good alcohol is furnished to its citizens.

Second—Mr. Gladstone would have the State make sure that alcoholic liquors are sold properly to its citizens, which would require the exclusion of private speculation.

These two State monopolies—one in the manufacture and the other in the sale of liquors—would naturally go together, just as the French Government alone manufactures and sells all tobacco in France.

The third view, which is perhaps best represented by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, would make the State suppress all alcoholism among its citizens by suppressing both manufacture and sale of alcohol itself. At least this is the general tendency of prohibition.

The real question would seem to be, How far can the State act at all in the matter, considering the weakness of present-day governments and the strength of the liquor trade with its immense vested interests, the quite reasonable popular repugnance to State regulation where it can be avoided, and the probabilities of political jobbery under any of the systems proposed? In France, notably, the Republic has not yet had the power, in a country of vineyards and incomparable natural wines, to secure its citizens of Paris from artificial wines, which are anything but hygienic. The conventions of wine-growers held during the last two weeks have separated without making one practical proposition as to this serious economic evil. The money of the wine dealers talks the loudest—as it will doubtless continue to do.

PRINCESS JEANNE BONAPARTE

From The Gentlewoman.

Princess Jeanne Bonaparte was born September 15, 1861, at the Abbaye d'Orval. Her father was Prince Pierre Bonaparte, nephew of Napoleon I., and son of Lucien Bonaparte. Prince Pierre was never well received at the Court of Napoleon III., because his father had displeased Napoleon I. by

his marriage with Mlle. Alexandrine de Bleschamps. Because of this marriage Lucien Bonaparte was excluded from the Imperial inheritance, and treated by Napoleon I. as later Pierre Bonaparte was treated by Napoleon III. In 1852 Prince Pierre was despoiled of his paternal inheritance, and in exchange he received only a modest income from the Emperor's private purse. Even then there was a great coolness between the Emperor and Prince Pierre, but this coolness became an open rupture when Pierre signified his intention of marrying Mlle. Clémence Ruflin, daughter of a contractor, and granddaughter of an officer of the First Empire. Mlle. Ruflin was beautiful and good; to her beauty was united great intelligence, and her influence over Pierre was sufficient to make him decide that, if he could not obtain the Emperor's consent, he could at least be married secretly by a Corsican priest. In a chapel of the Church of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, opposite the Louvre, the same church from the spire of which rang the bells for the Saint Bartholomew massacre, the marriage took place. Later it was regularized in Belgium, and still later in France.

Five children were born, and of these only two lived—Prince Roland and Princess Jeanne. When they were young their parents lived in Auteuil, a quarter of Paris near Passy; there the Prince had a vast garden, and this he filled with animals, some of them ferocious. Among them was a lioness, which was the terror of the neighborhood, and at last Prince Pierre was obliged to give it to the Zoological Gardens of Marseilles. When the troubles arrived of 1870 the Prince and his family were obliged to take refuge in Belgium. There he had a property called the "Epioux," situated in a forest far from human habitation. One day the house was destroyed by fire, and Prince Pierre, old, discouraged and ruined, would have then abandoned everything had it not been for the superhuman courage of his admirable wife. Princess Pierre thought only of her children's welfare, and went to London, where she opened a millinery establishment. The Princess had no assistance, and, in spite of her courage, in spite of her determination, she did not succeed.

She returned to Paris, because there she thought that she would find those who owe all they have to the Empire. "Surely," she said, "one of these grateful ones will assist us." Yes; some did offer aid, but on condition that the Princess leave France with her children. "My children are French," replied the mother; and then she began the struggle that was to make of her son a brave officer, of her daughter a distinguished artist. But the struggle was hard, and the Princess was too proud to ask assistance from those who had turned away at her first appeal. Only one among those who had once been Ministers of Napoleon III remembered, and that one was Duruy. "I owe everything to the Emperor, and I have made a vow never to see a Bonaparte in trouble, if I can be of assistance."

Through the influence of M. Duruy, Prince Roland entered Lycée Louis-le-Grand, and afterward the Military School of Saint-Cyr, from which he graduated with high honors in 1879. In the meantime Princess Jeanne worked at her art, and, by engraving for the illustrated papers, this grandniece of the great Napoleon earned a livelihood for her mother and herself.

In the studio where Jeanne Bonaparte studied was another pupil, Marie Blanc, her intimate friend. Marie Blanc was heiress of the Monaco millions, and the friendship of Jeanne was the prelude for the love of her brother, Roland. Not long after the meeting between Roland and Marie Blanc, their marriage took place; and the young Princess Roland wished that all around her should be happy. Jeanne received a marriage portion worthy of her rank, and aspirants for her hand appeared in all directions. The family of the young Princess wished her to choose a husband after her own heart, and her choice fell upon the Marquis Christian de Villeneuve-Esclapon Vence.

The personal qualities of the Marquis de Villeneuve, as well as his birth, made him a fitting husband for the Princess Jeanne Bonaparte. The Marquis is very intelligent and very learned; in his early youth he travelled much, and at the age of twenty he fought in Spain, because he wished "to know what war is." When he returned from this expedition the Marquis devoted himself entirely to the study of literature and history; his writings in French and Provencal have been much admired by critics. To-day he is Deputy from Corsica, and he holds a high place in the Chamber of Deputies.